

Good Morning

S101

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

THE BIG STORY OF EX-U BOAT 570

THE following story was released by the Ministry of Information recently:—

The German submarine U.570 has played an important part in the war at sea—but not on behalf of Germany.

Captured in August, 1941, this vessel has since been carrying out her submarine patrols under the White Ensign, manned by a specially selected and specially trained crew of the Royal Navy's submarine service.

And, ironically enough, the particular object of her patrols was to seek out attack, and, if possible, destroy craft of her own kind.

The U.570 was captured following a depth-charge attack carried out by the Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command patrolling Iceland, which resulted in the enemy submarine showing a white flag, which was subsequently found to be the captain's shirt.

When the submarine was hit a rush of water into the hull began to generate chlorine gas. The engine-room crew rushed on deck and refused to go back to their stations. They huddled round the conning-tower and remained there all day and throughout the following night.

Hudsons and Catalinas took turns in guarding the prize until destroyers and trawlers arrived on the scene, and the submarine was eventually brought safely to Iceland.

Thus ended the first chapter in the history of U.570. The rest of her story may now be told.

The U-boat, which was cap-

tured intact, was found to be a new submarine. She was handed over to the Submarine branch of the Royal Navy, and the Admiralty decided to use her as an operational submarine. No essential alteration was made in her construction.

The vessel was renamed H.M. Submarine "Graph," and a young but very experienced officer, Lieut. P. B. Marriott, R.N., was appointed in command.

THEN followed months of trials and experiments, which were subject to unavoidable, but almost continuous, interruptions of official visits. For, at that time H.M.S. "Graph" was probably the most frequently inspected ship in the Royal Navy.

"These interruptions," wrote the Senior Officer of the flotilla to which the "Graph" was attached, "have at times been a sore trial to the patience and fighting spirit of her crew."

But at last "Graph" was ready for operational service, and Lt. Marriott set out on one of the strangest adventures which have ever befallen to a submarine officer—to hunt the enemy in one of his own U-boats.

Apart from the obvious risks of this adventure it presented many unique difficulties for the ship's company, and particularly for the Commanding Officer, for the general arrangement of the interior of a German U-boat is very different

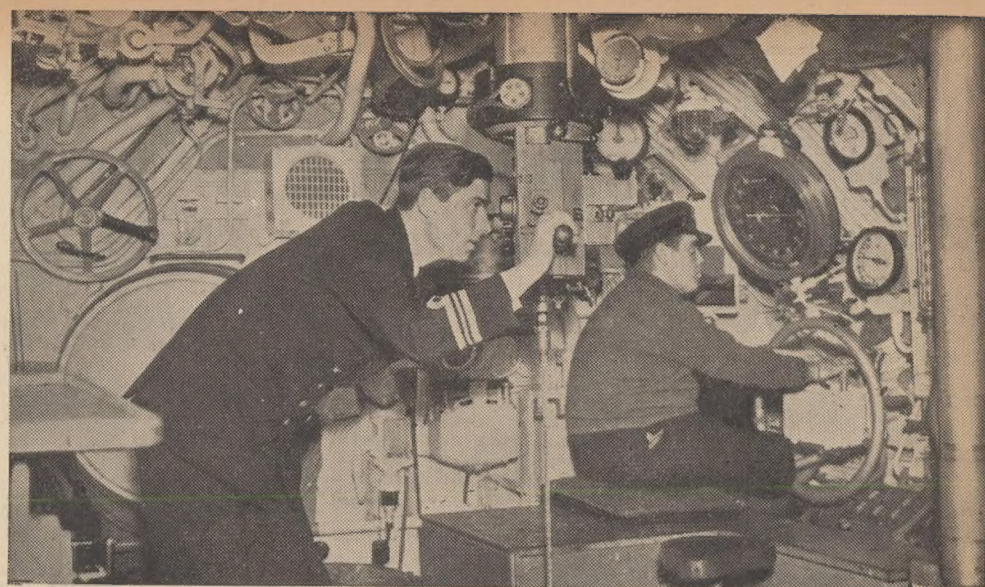
from that of a British submarine.

The chief difference is that while in a British submarine the captain, during an attack, stands at the periscope in the control-room with the attack-team grouped around him, in a German U-boat the captain goes up into a kiosk in the bridge structure above the control-room and sits on the saddle of a massive, electrically driven periscope, which he operates by means of



Lieut. P. B. Marriott, D.S.O., R.N., took command of the "Graph."

pedals. He is thus able to ride the entire structure through a complete circle. Another distinctive feature of



A British naval officer at the periscope of H.M.S. "Graph," formerly the German submarine 570.

the German U-boat is the multi-unit hydrophone, with its elaborately graduated dial, illuminated in red and green. British submarine hydrophone ratings had to be specially trained to operate this instrument.

On her first patrol the "Graph" achieved a success which proved the value of the experiment. She carried out an attack "by ear"—that is, on the multi-unit hydrophone—on a German U-boat. The "Graph" was submerged throughout the attack.

Lieut. Marriott, sitting at his action station in the kiosk, his eye pressed to the rubber-padded eyepiece of the periscope, and giving orders through voice tubes to the control-room below, caught only two very brief glimpses of the enemy before firing.

"A heavy swell was running," he wrote in his narrative of the attack. "Only the enemy's conning-tower was seen, though this with considerable clearness for a second. It was painted bright green, which shone in the sun, and it appeared to be roughly beam on."

Now had come the moment for which the men of the "Graph" had undergone long and intensive training. Right forward in the torpedo room they awaited the command from the kiosk, where the captain sat astride the periscope, below him an open hatch leading to the control-room above him, the closed hatch leading to the bridge.

"As an attack position," wrote Lieut. Marriott in his report of the patrol, "the kiosk intro-

duced a feeling of remoteness." Eighty minutes after the detection of the enemy on the multi-unit hydrophone a salvo of torpedoes was fired at extreme range. Two were heard to explode at the expected time. These detonations were followed by a prolonged explosion, many minor explosions and loud cracking noises. The operator at the multi-unit hydrophone also heard "a grand assortment of all kinds of metallic noises," and intensive water sounds, as of large quantities being displaced, which lasted for about two minutes.

Visual observation of the results of the attack were out of the question but these noises left no doubt in the minds of the experienced crew of the "Graph" that they had destroyed the enemy.

On a subsequent patrol the

"Graph" attacked enemy destroyers and obtained two probable hits.

Lieut. Marriott, who is 29 years of age, was awarded the D.S.O. "for great courage, skill and determination" while in command of the "Graph." He is now the Commanding Officer of another submarine in Far Eastern waters, and he has been mentioned in recent Admiralty communiques announcing Japanese shipping.

Ron Richards

Autographs Led to Jail

LIKE the poor, forgers are always with us. To-day, the police are worried by the amount of "snide" money that is circulating. Much of this counterfeit is not clumsy and shows a skilled knowledge of engraving.

The "dropper" who passes counterfeit money is usually paid 20 per cent. of the value of the "snide." They are wily merchants and pass only one note at a time, so that, if arrested, they can plead innocence.

In most cases they are trapped when collecting more "snide" from an accomplice who has been carefully shadowed for days. The "dropper" is only a small part of the mechanism of a forgery gang. Behind him are the men who steal cheques. Some of the equipment captured by the police is amazingly up-to-date. Many a gang has employed the most modern process cameras and printing machinery. Whole plants have been found equipped with acids and developing tanks.

Usually, however, the most elaborate forgeries are worked "from the inside." You may remember the clerk employed by the Bank of Liverpool who forged cheques to the tune of £150,000 in the name of "Soap King" Hudson before he was caught.

He fell into the hands of a race gang which blackmailed him, and he got very little out of his crime except a stiff term of penal servitude. A railway clerk, earning £6 a week, made great play with the company's share register by skilful strokes of the pen. Whenever inclined, he added an "0" to the register and issued himself with thousands of shares. For a very short time he was able to live in a Mayfair mansion and drink champagne.

Then the police stepped in and changed his diet to something more frugal! Chemical and colorimetric tests by the police often reveal the slightest variations in ink. Nor is that the forger's only headache! It is incredibly difficult to forge

paper watermarks which show the date of manufacture. The forging of ancient documents sometimes tempts the clever crook. One document almost deceived the experts. The paper and ink seemed to be perfectly genuine. Then an expert went to a museum which housed a document of the period and found that a page had been stolen. It was the one the forger had used to work on!

By means of ultra violet rays and the all-powerful microscope, it is now possible to tell not only if the original has been tampered with, but the age of the writing. The curves and slants of letters can be meticulously graphed. Enlarged photographs are taken for the purpose of comparison. One will forger was trapped because he either left his "t's" uncrossed or crossed them in the usual way. He hadn't noticed that the genuine will had dozens of half-crossed "t's."

In his zest for detail, a forger manufactured some holes to imitate the work of ants. Examination soon spotted the hand-done job which lacked the true bevelled touch of the natural ant!

One over-cautious forger had traced a number of signatures from the original. The microscope showed up the damning fact that a carbon tracing had been made of the genuine signature which had then been inked in. The double outline stood out quite firmly.

Stanley Jackson

THOUGHT FOR SUNDAY

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. . . .

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.



THE FAMILY CIRCLE GET AROUND FOR A.B. PAT REILLY

WE found a good family gathering when we called at 82 Longbridge Road, Bark-ing, Essex, A.B. Pat Reilly, for not only were your mother and father at home, but we also found Michael, Daphne and Aunt Floss there.

The previous Sunday your mother had visited Tunbridge Wells with Aunt Floss and

Daphne, and saw Gran, the two Jacks, and all the family, and all send you their kindest regards.

Your father has now recovered from his illness, and both Vera and Kath are keeping well in the W.A.A.F. Daphne, who has only been home from Leicester for two weeks, is now getting a big girl, and has grown consider-

ably since she was evacuated six months ago.

She adds that she's sorry she didn't see you at Christmas, and, by the way, Pat, speaking of Christmas, how was it you weren't able to get to the party yourself?

Mike is not content with that cinematograph you gave him at Christmas. Although that is still in good order, he says he

wants you to bring a monkey home for him now, so you'd better see what you can do.

Mike, by the way, was looking forward to the Sea Scouts' beano which he was going to with Ivan and Brian a day or two after we called.

All the family are looking forward to your homecoming, Pat, and all would wish us to send you their love.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Marson Martin's COUNTRY CALENDAR



HAVE you ever watched a barful of dart-players all trying their hardest to lose?

No, there's no catch in it; unless, like me, you knew what was behind it, and then you might discover the catch—in your throat.

It happened this way. Jim Windmill, who, in the days when there was a regular darts team up at the "Horseshoes," always went Number One for the village, had met with an accident. He had shot away a lot of the muscle of his left arm with a 12-bore and had spent the last five months in a hospital cot.

Since coming out he had been only a very occasional visitor to the taproom, and then never stayed longer than a couple of pints. His damaged arm was going to get better, the doctors at the hospital had said, and I think Jim believed them.

He wore a white stockinette sheath over the forearm, and when he drew it off to show us how well he could move the fingers it always made me feel a little sick. The broad, coarse, capable hand that I remembered now looked shrunken and as small as a girl's.

ON the particular evening of my story, I knew something was up the moment I pushed open the tap door. There was a crowd round the dartboard, but that was usual. What was unusual was the fact that the oldsters who gather every night of their lives to play crib were not playing. They were standing in the group watching the darts.

And then I saw it. As I watched, Jock pulled the darts from the board and handed them, or rather put them awkwardly into Jim's right hand. Quick as a flash, Jim put the points of those arrows into his mouth and held them between his teeth. Then, with his right hand—he was a natural left-handed player—he threw them.

He wanted double seventeen, but to see those three darts you'd never have guessed it. The first was a three, then a six, which left him twenty-three to tear. A seven for two eights was the natural drill, and nobody knew it better than Jim. His dart went into the eight. His partner was left to fillet fifteen.

NOBBY was next. He wanted double ten for game—and double ten, as everybody in the room knew, was Nobby's cup number. He just couldn't miss double ten. He always started on it, and, when he needed it to finish, his opponents automatically laid down their darts; for we're a very superstitious school at the "Horseshoes"—we know that it's dead unlucky to be caught holding darts when your opponents are on the finishing double.

Well, this time Nobby shaped for double ten in familiar style by edging as far over to the right as the window settle would allow. His first dart was on the wire, his second was outside, and his third went into the fifteen!

You can picture the rest for yourselves. This only will I add. Jock and Nobby, who were putting up such a gallant fight to lose to their friend, are men who nightly have to put their hands into their pockets and count their money.

THE PHEASANT GOES INTO BATTLE

Reports Fred Kitchen

THE farm man who knows his way about always contrives to have a coat with a large inside pocket, and—if the tailor hasn't put one there—finds it worth while to tear the lining and make one.

Bill's inner pocket is of the kind that goes right round the back, and if you ask him why, he grins and says it's handy to carry a plough spanner.

The ten-acre had been cleared of the potato crop, and Bill was harrowing the ground ready for sowing autumn wheat.

The field was a happy hunting ground for innumerable rooks, for though the potatoes had been pretty well cleared up, the harrows were working

up quite a few, and so giving the rooks something to shout about.

It was foolish of them to make such a noise about it, but whenever a rook found a potato, he, or she, gave an excited "caw," attracting the attention of all the neighbours.

The result was that Bill was constantly entertained by little skirmishes over the possession of a potato, with several aerial combats thrown in by way of variation.

Even if a staid old rook kept silent over his find, his actions gave him away, and brought a crowd of neighbours around to dispute his right of possession.

But rooks never fight for long, and no sooner do they quarrel than they are friends again. Then the rightful owner

settles down to that peculiar gait of "two dabs and a look up" which is the way of all rooks and crows when feasting on a potato.

One such bird—a real tough-looking customer, whose glossy feathers shone blue-black as he "dabbed and looked up" in the sunlight—was enjoying himself near the woodside. He was so absorbed in splitting up a potato that he took no notice of Bill approaching with his horses.

Then, before Bill had got near enough to disturb him, a pheasant strutted out of the wood.

It eyed the rook over a moment, and then walked across and gave a peck at the potato.

The rook, surprised at such impudence, hopped aside with an angry "caw," and stared sideways at the intruder.

It's not so bad for a neighbour rook to step in and share the spoils, but when a pampered pheasant—who is too lazy to dig for his own potatoes—demands a share, it's asking too much of a rook's forbearance.

The rook gave a mighty hop in the air and went into battle.

For a couple of minutes the rook and the pheasant hopped and circled around each other, while Bill, having pulled up his horses, watched the battle.

His hand groped for something in his capacious inside pocket, and he stepped quietly alongside one of his horses.

At last the rook, finding the pheasant's movements too quick for him, soared away with a complained "caw," and the pheasant stooped to peck.

A plough spanner whizzed by the horse's head, and Bill quickly followed the tactics of his friend the rook—a "dab and a quick look up."

Yes, a good, big inside pocket is handy when working in the fields, though it does spoil the shape of the coat.

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Yes, a good, big inside pocket is handy when working in the fields, though it does spoil the shape of the coat.

Bill's inner pocket is of the kind that goes right round the back, and if you ask him why, he grins and says it's handy to carry a plough spanner.

The ten-acre had been cleared of the potato crop, and Bill was harrowing the ground ready for sowing autumn wheat.

The field was a happy hunting ground for innumerable rooks, for though the potatoes had been pretty well cleared up, the harrows were working

up quite a few, and so giving the rooks something to shout about.

It was foolish of them to make such a noise about it, but whenever a rook found a potato, he, or she, gave an excited "caw," attracting the attention of all the neighbours.

The result was that Bill was constantly entertained by little skirmishes over the possession of a potato, with several aerial combats thrown in by way of variation.

Even if a staid old rook kept silent over his find, his actions gave him away, and brought a crowd of neighbours around to dispute his right of possession.

But rooks never fight for long, and no sooner do they quarrel than they are friends again. Then the rightful owner

settles down to that peculiar gait of "two dabs and a look up" which is the way of all rooks and crows when feasting on a potato.

One such bird—a real tough-looking customer, whose glossy feathers shone blue-black as he "dabbed and looked up" in the sunlight—was enjoying himself near the woodside. He was so absorbed in splitting up a potato that he took no notice of Bill approaching with his horses.

Then, before Bill had got near enough to disturb him, a pheasant strutted out of the wood.

It eyed the rook over a moment, and then walked across and gave a peck at the potato.

The rook, surprised at such impudence, hopped aside with an angry "caw," and stared sideways at the intruder.

It's not so bad for a neighbour rook to step in and share the spoils, but when a pampered pheasant—who is too lazy to dig for his own potatoes—demands a share, it's asking too much of a rook's forbearance.

The rook gave a mighty hop in the air and went into battle.

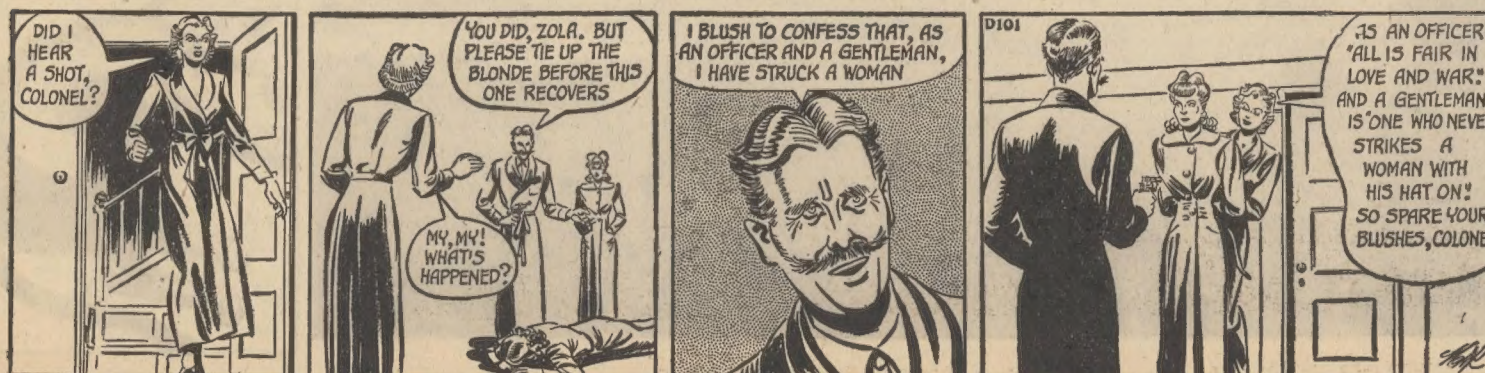
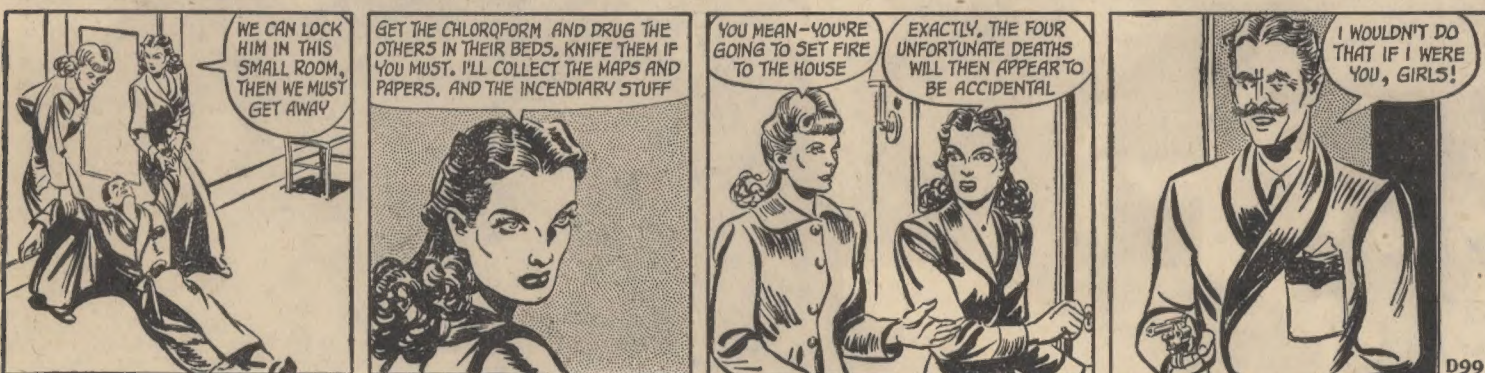
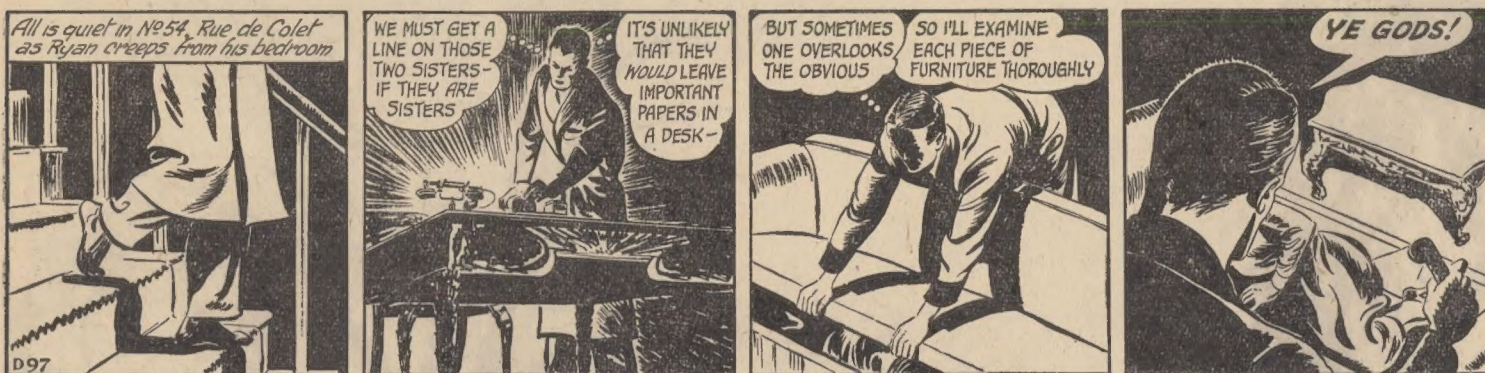
For a couple of minutes the rook and the pheasant hopped and circled around each other, while Bill, having pulled up his horses, watched the battle.

His hand groped for something in his capacious inside pocket, and he stepped quietly alongside one of his horses.

At last the rook, finding the pheasant's movements too quick for him, soared away with a complained "caw," and the pheasant stooped to peck.

A plough spanner whizz

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A POSTSCRIPT to my recent notes on the Import and Export Control appears in the current issue of the Stamp Magazine. This journal has, during the war, continued to list stamp issues of enemy and enemy-occupied countries, a service which must have proved of great value to collectors, cut off from most normal channels of news.

In reviewing the American Scott's catalogue for 1945, the Editor says: "It is to be regretted that the numerous issues which have emanated from enemy and enemy-occupied countries since December, 1941, find no place in these volumes. The Stamp Magazine has always placed the duty of recording facts above the passions of conflict, and has published by far the most complete lists of stamps from these countries in this or any other country."

"The regulations obtaining both here and, we understand, in the United States, precluding the import or export of goods, including postage stamps, do not, in our opinion, prevent editors and publishers of well-informed publications, whose primary concern is the listing and description of all philatelic issues, from listing and illustrating those issues, provided doing so does not entail the buying or selling of those issues."

"The millions of men from both continents faithfully serving their countries in the far corners of the earth are not to be impeded from spending their paltry pittance in the furtherance of their own hobbies and interests, and in communicating interesting and, ultimately, valuable information to their own specialised journals for the benefit of their fellow philatelists."

"There are some regulations which become obsessions with bureaucratic minds and go far to defeat the original intentions of the framers



of the regulations. These regulations have become dead letters and honoured only in the breach; in effect, have repealed themselves."

THREE special stamps commemorating the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Australia were put on sale at Commonwealth Post Offices in February, I am told. The design shows the Duke and Duchess in oval panels with joined sprays of British oak and Australian gum leaves above. The values are 2½d., 3½d. and 5½d., and the colours red, blue and blue black.

I HEAR that the New Zealand Post Office is planning an issue of Peace stamps. There is, as yet, no information as to design or the values contemplated.

SINCE the re-occupation of the Island of Leyte in the Philippines last November, stamps of the former general issue have been over-printed "Victory," and are now in use for postal purposes.



Illustrated in this column are three Bolivian commemoratives marking the Revolution of December 20, 1943, the 40c. and 1b. 50c. being for air mail and the 20c. for ordinary postage; also two further German stamps in honour of that country's war effort.

ALEX CRACK

The men of Jonesville, Texas, held a contest to see who could eat the most Hamburgers. Hank won by eating four dozen, and his pals asked him why he was looking miserable instead of being proud and joyful.

"Well, fellers," said Hank, "it's like this hyah. If you-all talk about this hyah contest and it gets around to my old lady, she's that stingy she's liable to think I won't be wanting any supper to-night."

Good Morning

THIS is not one of those "centres of communications" one reads so much about in the papers, it's just a place where three winding lanes meet. And if you're wise when you come to it, you'll sit quietly in the shade and wonder which lane to take. Nothing at all will hang on your decision, and that is precisely why the choosing should be slowly savoured. Is it to be the lane which skirts the stone barn and promises a view of the downs? Or will you follow

in the direction of the tinkling water-sounds to see whether the king-cups are golden in the water-meadows? Or should you take the lane which meanders between high hedges past the mill? That's the one which promises a village soon, so that's the one to take. For "they" will just be opening. If they're not, why, you can always sit on the church wall in the sun, and wait. And the hymn you'll be humming? Why, that's easy, too—it's "Open Wide Those Pearly Gates."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"This is me sitting in the sun and waiting."

